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# SONGS OF ANGUS

*BY THE SAME AUTHOR*

BONNIE JOANN, and other Poems.

SONGS OF ANGUS
Poems. *Fifth Impression*

STORIES TOLD BY THE MILLER

IRRESOLUTE CATHERINE
A Novel.

TALES OF MY OWN COUNTRY

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# SONGS OF ANGUS

BY VIOLET JACOB

RENFREWSHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY

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## NOTE

I HAVE to thank the Editors of the *Cornhill Magazine*, *Country Life*, and *The Outlook*, respectively, for their permission to reprint in this Collection such of the following poems as they have published.

V. J.

# PREFACE

THERE are few poets to-day who write in the Scots vernacular, and the modesty of the supply is perhaps determined by the slenderness of the demand, for pure Scots is a tongue which in the changes of the age is not widely understood, even in Scotland. The various accents remain, but the old words tend to be forgotten, and we may be in sight of the time when that noble speech shall be degraded to a northern dialect of English. The love of all vanishing things burns most strongly in those to whom they are a memory rather than a presence, and it is not unnatural that the best Scots poetry of our day should have been written by exiles. Stevenson, wearying for his "hills of home," found a romance in the wet Edinburgh streets, which might have passed unnoticed had he been condemned to live in the grim reality. And we have Mr. Charles Murray, who in the South African veld writes

Scots, not as an exercise, but as a living speech, and recaptures old moods and scenes with a freshness which is hardly possible for those who with their own eyes have watched the fading of the outlines. It is the rarest thing, this use of Scots as a living tongue, and perhaps only the exile can achieve it, for the Scot at home is apt to write it with an antiquarian zest, as one polishes Latin hexameters, or with the exaggerations which are permissible in what does not touch life too nearly. But the exile uses the Doric because it is the means by which he can best express his importunate longing.

Mrs. Jacob has this rare distinction. She writes Scots because what she has to say could not be written otherwise and retain its peculiar quality. It is good Scots, quite free from misspelt English or that perverted slang which too often nowadays is vulgarising the old tongue. But above all it is a living speech, with the accent of the natural voice, and not a skilful mosaic of robust words, which, as in sundry poems of Stevenson, for all the wit and skill remains a mosaic. The dialect is Angus, with

unfamiliar notes to my Border ear, and in every song there is the sound of the east wind and the rain. Its chief note is longing, like all the poetry of exiles, a chastened melancholy which finds comfort in the memory of old unhappy things as well as of the beatitudes of youth. The metres are cunningly chosen, and are most artful when they are simplest; and in every case they provide the exact musical counterpart to the thought. Mrs. Jacob has an austere conscience. She eschews facile rhymes and worn epithets, and escapes the easy cadences of hymnology which are apt to be a snare to the writer of folk-songs. She has many moods, from the stalwart humour of "The Beadle o' Drumlee," and "Jeemsie Miller," to the haunting lilt of "The Gean-Trees," and the pathos of "Craigo Woods" and "The Lang Road." But in them all are the same clarity and sincerity of vision and clean beauty of phrase.

Some of us who love the old speech have in our heads or in our note-books an anthology of modern Scots verse. It is a small collection if we would keep it select. Beginning with

Principal Shairp's "Bush aboon Traquair," it would include the wonderful Nithsdale ballad of "Kirkbride," a few pieces from *Underwoods*, Mr. Hamish Hendry's "Beadle," one or two of Hugh Haliburton's Ochil poems, Mr. Charles Murray's "Whistle" and his versions of Horace, and a few fragments from the "poet's corners" of country newspapers. To my own edition of this anthology I would add unhesitatingly Mrs. Jacob's "Tam i' the Kirk," and "The Gowk."

JOHN BUCHAN.

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RENFREWSHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY

# SONGS OF ANGUS

## TAM I' THE KIRK

O JEAN, my Jean, when the bell ca's the congregation
Owre valley an' hill wi' the ding frae its iron mou',
When a'body's thochts is set on his ain salvation,
Mine's set on you.

There's a reid rose lies on the Buik o' the Word 'afore ye
That was growin' braw on its bush at the keek o' day,
But the lad that pu'd yon flower i' the mornin's glory,
He canna pray.

He canna pray ; but there's nane i' the kirk will heed him
Whaur he sits sae still his lane at the side o' the wa',
For nane but the reid rose kens what my lassie gie'd him—
It an' us twa !

He canna sing for the sang that his ain he'rt raises,
He canna see for the mist that's 'afore his een,
And a voice drouns the hale o' the psalms an' the paraphrases,
Cryin' " Jean, Jean, Jean ! "

## THE HOWE O' THE MEARNS

LADDIE, my lad, when ye gang at the tail o' the plough
An' the days draw in,
When the burnin' yellow's awa' that was aince a-lowe
On the braes o' whin,
Do ye mind o' me that's deaved wi' the wearyfu' south
An' it's puir concairns
While the weepies fade on the knowes at the river's mouth
In the Howe o' the Mearns?

There was nae twa lads frae the Grampians doon to the Tay
That could best us twa;
At bothie or dance, or the field on a fitba' day,
We could sort them a';

An' at courtin'-time when the stars keeked doon
on the glen
An' its theek o' fairns,
It was you an' me got the pick o' the basket then
In the Howe o' the Mearns.

London is fine, an' for ilk o' the lasses at hame
There'll be saxty here,
But the springtime comes an' the hairst—an it's
aye the same
Through the changefu' year.
O, a lad thinks lang o' hame ere he thinks his fill
As his breid he airns—
An' they're thrashin' noo at the white fairm up
on the hill
In the Howe o' the Mearns.

Gin I mind mysel' an' toil for the lave o' my
days
While I've een to see,
When I'm auld an' done wi' the fash o' their
English ways
I'll come hame to dee;

For the lad dreams aye o' the prize that the man'll get,
But he lives an' lairns,
An' it's far, far 'ayont him still—but it's farther yet
To the Howe o' the Mearns.

Laddie, my lad, when the hair is white on yer pow
An' the work's put past,
When yer hand's owre auld an' heavy to haud the plough
I'll win hame at last,
And we'll bide our time on the knowes whaur the broom stands braw
An' we played as bairns,
Till the last lang gloamin' shall creep on us baith an' fa'
On the Howe o' the Mearns.

## THE LANG ROAD

Below the braes o' heather, and far alang the glen,
The road rins southward, southward, that grips
the souls o' men,
That draws their fitsteps aye awa' frae hearth and
frae fauld,
That pairts ilk freen' frae ither, and the young
frae the auld.
And whiles I stand at mornin' and whiles I stand
at nicht,
To see it through the ghaisty gloom, gang slippin
oot o sicht;
There's mony a lad will ne'er come back amang
his ain to lie,
An' its lang, lang waitin' till the time gangs by.

And far ayont the bit o' sky that lies abune the
hills,
There is the black toon standin' mid the roarin'
o' the mills.

Whaur the reek frae mony engines hangs 'atween
it and the sun
And the lives are weary, weary, that are just
begun.
Doon yon lang road that winds awa' my ain three
sons they went,
They turned their faces southward frae the glens
they aye had kent,
And twa will never see the hills wi' livin' een
again,
An' it's lang, lang waitin' while I sit my lane.

For ane lies whaur the grass is high abune the
gallant deid,
And ane whaur England's michty ships sail proud
abune his heid,
They couldna' sleep mair saft at hame, the twa
that sairved their king,
Were they laid aside their ain kirk yett, i' the
flower o' the ling.
But whaur the road is twistin' through yon
streets o' care an' sin,
My third braw son toils nicht and day for the
gowd he fain would win,

Whaur ilka man grapes i' the dark to get his
neebour's share,
An' it's lang, lang strivin' i' the mirk that's there.

The een o' love can pierce the mools that hide a
sodger's grave,
An' love that doesna' heed the sod will neither
hear the wave,
But it canna' see 'ayont the cloud that hauds my
youngest doon
Wi' its mist o' greed an' sorrow i' the smokin' toon.
And whiles, when through the open door there
fades the deein' licht,
I think I hear my ain twa men come up the road
at nicht,
But him that bides the nearest seems the furthest
aye frae me—
And it's lang, lang listenin' till I hear the three!

## THE BEADLE O' DRUMLEE

THEM that's as highly placed as me
(Wha am the beadle o' Drumlee)
Should na be prood, nor yet owre free.

Me an' the meenister, ye ken,
Are no the same as a' thae men
We hae for neebours i' the glen.

The Lord gie'd him some lairnin' sma'
And me guid sense abune them a',
And them nae wuts to ken wha's wha.

Ye'd think, to hear the lees they tell,
The Sawbath day could mind itsel'
Withoot a hand to rug the bell,

Ye'd think the Reverend Paitrick Broun
Could ca' the Bible up an' doon
An' loup his lane in till his goon.

Whiles, gin he didna get frae me
The wiselike word I weel can gie,
Whaur wad the puir bit callant be?

The elders, Ross an' Weellum Aird,
An' fowk like Alexander Caird,
That think they're cocks o' ilka yaird,

Fegs aye! they'd na be sweir to rule
A lad sae newly frae the schule
Gin *my* auld bonnet crooned a fule!

But oh! Jehovah's unco' kind!
Whaur wad this doited pairish find
A man wi' sic a powerfu' mind?

Sae, let the pairish sleep at nicht
Blind wi' the elders' shinin' licht,
Nor ken wha's hand keeps a' things richt.

It's what they canna understan'
That brains hae ruled since time began,
An' that the beadle is the man!

## THE WATER-HEN

As I gae'd doon by the twa mill dams i' the mornin'
The water-hen cam' oot like a passin' wraith
And her voice cam' through the reeds wi' a sound of warnin',
"Faith—keep faith!"
"Aye, bird, tho' ye see but ane ye may cry on baith!"

As I gae'd doon the field when the dew was lyin',
My ain love stood whaur the road an' the mill-lade met,
And it seemed to me that the rowin' wheel was cryin',
"Forgi'e—forget,
And turn, man, turn, for ye ken that ye lo'e her yet!"

As I gae'd doon the road 'twas a weary meetin',
For the ill words said yest're'en they were aye the same,

And my het he'rt drouned the wheel wi' its heavy
beatin'.
"Lass, think shame,
It's no for me to speak, for it's you to blame!"

As I gae'd doon by the toon when the day was
springin'
The Baltic brigs lay thick by the soundin' quay
And the riggin' hummed wi' the sang that the
wind was singin',
"Free—gang free,
For there's mony a load on shore may be skailed
at sea!"

. . . . . .

When I cam' hame wi' the thrang o' the years
'ahint me
There was naucht to see for the weeds and the
lade in spate,
But the water-hen by the dams she seemed aye
to mind me,
Cryin' "Hope—wait!"
"Aye, bird, but my een grow dim, an' it's late—
late!"

## THE HEID HORSEMAN

O Alec, up at Soutar's fairm,
You, that's sae licht o' he'rt,
I ken ye passin' by the tune
Ye whustle i' the cairt ;

I hear the rowin' o' the wheels,
The clink o' haims an' chain,
And set abune yer stampin' team
I see ye sit yer lane.

Ilk morn, agin' the kindlin' sky
Yer liftit heid is black,
Ilk nicht I watch ye hameward ride
Wi' the sunset at yer back.

For wark's yer meat and wark's yer play,
Heid horseman tho' ye be,
Ye've ne'er a glance for wife nor maid,
Ye tak nae tent o' me.

An' man, ye'll no suspec' the truth,
Tho' weel I ken it's true,

There's mony ane that trails in silk
  Wha fain wad gang wi' you.

But I am just a serving lass,
  Wha toils to get her breid,
An' O ! ye'er sweir to see the gowd
  I braid about my heid.

My cheek is like the brier rose,
  That scents the simmer wind,
And fine I'd keep the wee bit hoose,
  'Gin I'd a man to mind !

It's sair to see, when ilka lad
  Is dreamin' o' his joe,
The bonnie mear that leads yer team
  Is a' ye're thinkin' o'.

Like fire upon her satin coat
  Ye gar the harness shine,
But, lad, there is a safter licht
  In thae twa een o' mine !

Aye—wark yer best—but youth is short,
  An' shorter ilka year—
There's ane wad gar ye sune forget
  Yon limmer o' a mear !

## JEEMSIE MILLER

THERE's some that mak' themsels a name
Wi' preachin', business, or a game,
There's some wi' drink hae gotten fame
And some wi' siller:
I kent a man got glory cheap,
For nane frae him their een could keep,
Losh! he was shapit like a neep,
Was Jeemsie Miller!

When he gaed drivin' doon the street
Wi' cairt an' sheltie, a' complete,
The plankie whaur he had his seat
Was bent near double;
And gin yon wood had na been strang
It hadna held oor Jeemsie lang,
He had been landit wi' a bang,
And there'd been trouble.

Ye could but mind, to see his face,
The reid mune glowerin' on the place,

Nae man had e'er sic muckle space
To haud his bonnet :
And owre yon bonnet on his brow,
Set cockit up owre Jeemsie's pow,
There waggit, reid as lichtit tow,
The toorie on it.

And Jeemsie's poke was brawly lined,
There wasna mony couldna' find
His cantie hoosie i' the wynd,
" The Salutation " :
For there ye'd get, wi' sang and clink,
What some ca'd comfort, wi' a wink,
And some that didna care for drink
Wad ca' damnation !

But dinna think, altho' he made
Sae grand a profit o' his trade,
An' muckle i' the bank had laid,
He wadna spare o't,
For, happit whaur it wasna seen,
He'd aye a dram in his machine,
An' never did he meet a freen'
But got a share o't.

Ae day he let the sheltie fa'
(Whisht, sirs! he wasna' fou—na, na!
A wee thing pleasant—that was a',
An' drivin' canny)
Fegs! he cam' hurlin' owre the front
An' struck the road wi' sic a dunt,
Ye'd thocht the causey got the brunt
And no the mannie!

Aweel, it was his hin'most drive,
Aifter yon clour he couldna thrive,
For twa pairts deid, an' ane alive,
His billies foond him:
And, bedded then, puir Jeemsie lay,
And a' the nicht and a' the day
Relations cam' to greet an' pray
An' gaither roond him.

Said Jeemsie, "Cousins, gie's a pen,
Awa' an' bring the writer ben,
What I hae spent wi' sinfu' men
I weel regret it;

In deith I'm sweir to be disgrac't,
I've plenty left forbye my waste,
And them that I've negleckit maist
It's them'll get it."

It was a sicht to see them rin
To save him frae the sense o' sin,
Fu' sune they got the writer in
His mind to settle;
And O their loss! sae sair they felt it
To a' the toon wi' tears they tell't it,
Their dule for Jeemsie wad hae meltit
A he'rt o' metal!

Puir Jeemsie dee'd. In a' their braws
The faim'ly cam' as black as craws,
Men, wives, an' weans wi' their mamas
That scarce could toddle!
They grat—an' they had cause to greet;
The wull was read that gar'd them meet—
The U. P. Kirk, just up the street,
Got ilka bodle!

## THE GEAN-TREES

I MIND, when I dream at nicht,
Whaur the bonnie Sidlaws stand
Wi' their feet on the dark'nin' land
And their heids i' the licht ;
And the thochts o' youth roll back
Like wreaths frae the hillside track
In the Vale of Strathmore ;
And the autumn leaves are turnin'
And the flame o' the gean-trees burnin'
Roond the white hoose door.

Aye me, when spring cam' green
And May-month decked the shaws
There was scarce a blink o' the wa's
For the flower o' the gean ;
But when the hills were blue
Ye could see them glintin' through

And the sun i' the lift ;
And the flower o' the gean-trees fa'in'
Was like pairls frae the branches snawin'
In a lang white drift.

Thae trees are fair and gay
When May-month's in her prime,
But I'm thrawn wi' the blasts o' time
And my heid's white as they ;
But an auld man aye thinks lang
O' the haughs he played amang
In his braw youth-tide ;
And there's ane that aye keeps yearnin'
For a hoose whaur the leaves are turnin'
And the flame o' the gean-tree burnin'
By the Sidlaws' side.

## THE TOD

THERE's a tod aye blinkin' when the nicht comes
doon,
Blinkin' wi' his lang een an' keekin' roond an'
roon',
Creepin' by the fairmyaird when gloamin' is to fa',
And syne there'll be a chicken or a deuk awa'—
Aye, when the guidwife rises, there's a deuk awa' !

There's a lass sits greetin' ben the hoose at hame,
For when the guidwife's cankered she gie's her
aye the blame,
An' sair the lassie's sabbin' an' fast the tears fa',
For the guidwife's tint her bonnie hen an' it's
awa'—
Aye, she's no sae easy dealt wi' when her gear's
awa' !

There's a lad aye roamin' when the day gets late,
A lang-leggit deevil wi' his hand upon the gate,
And aye the guidwife cries to him to gar the toddie fa',
For she canna thole to let her deuks an' hens awa'—
Aye, the muckle bubbly-jock himsel' is ca'd awa' !

The laddie saw the tod gang by an' killed him wi' a stane
And the bonnie lass that grat sae sair she sabs nae mair her lane,
But the guidwife's no contentit yet, her like ye never saw !
Cries she—" This time it is the lass, an' *she's* awa' !
Aye, yon laddie's waur nor ony tod, for Bell's awa' !

## THE BLIND SHEPHERD

THE land is white, an' far awa'
Abune ae bush an' tree
Nae fit is movin' i' the snaw
On the hills I canna see;
For the sun may shine an' the darkness fa',
But aye it's nicht to me.

I hear the whaup on windy days
Cry up amang the peat
Whaur, on the road that speels the braes,
I've heard my ain sheep's feet,
An' the bonnie lambs wi' their canny ways
An' the silly yowes that bleat.

But noo wi' them I mauna' be,
An' by the fire I bide,
To sit and listen patiently
For a fit on the great hillside,
A fit that'll come to the door for me
Doon through the pasture wide.

Maybe I'll hear the baa'in' flocks
Ae nicht when time seems lang,
An' ken there's a step on the scattered rocks
The fleggit sheep amang,
An' a voice that cries an' a hand that knocks
To bid me rise an' gang.

Then to the hills I'll lift my een
Nae matter tho' they're blind,
For Ane will treid the stanes between
And I will walk behind,
Till up, far up i' the midnicht keen
The licht o' Heaven I'll find.

An' maybe, when I'm up the hill
An' stand abune the steep,
I'll turn aince mair to look my fill
On my ain auld flock o' sheep,
An' I'll leave them lyin' sae white an' still
On the quiet braes asleep.

## THE DOO'COT UP THE BRAES

Beside the doo'cot up the braes
The fields slope doon frae me,
And fine's the glint on blawin' days
O' the bonnie plains o' sea.

Below's my mither's hoosie sma',
The smiddy by the byre
Whaur aye my feyther dings awa'
And my brither blaws the fire.

For Lachlan lo'es the smiddy's reek,
An' Geordie's but a fule
Wha' drives the plough his breid to seek,
And Rob's to teach the schule;

He'll haver roond the schulehoose wa's,
And ring the schulehoose bell,
He'll skelp the scholars wi' the tawse
(I'd like that fine mysel' !)

They're easy pleased, my brithers three—
I hate the smiddy's lowe,
A weary dominie I'd be,
An' I canna thole the plough.

But by the doo'cot up the braes
There's nane frae me can steal
The blue sea an' the ocean haze
An' the ships I like sae weel.

The brigs ride out past Ferryden
Ahint the girnin' tugs,
And the lasses wave to the Baltic men
Wi' the gowd rings i' their lugs.

My mither's sweir to let me gang.
My feyther gi'es me blame,
But youth is sair and life is lang
When yer he'rt's sae far frae hame.

But i' the doo'cot up the braes,
When a'tumn nichts are mirk,
I've hid my pennies an' my claes
An' the Buik I read at kirk,

An' come ae nicht when a' fowks sleep,
I'll lift them whaur they lie,
An' to the harbour-side I'll creep
I' the dim licht o' the sky ;

An' when the eastern blink grows wide,
An' dark still smoors the west,
A Baltic brig will tak' the tide
Wi' a lad that canna rest !

## LOGIE KIRK

O Logie Kirk amang the braes,
I'm thinkin' o' the merry days
Afore I trod thae weary ways
That led me far frae Logie!

Fine do I mind when I was young
Abune thy graves the mavis sung
An' ilka birdie had a tongue
To ca' me back to Logie.

O Logie Kirk, tho' aye the same
The burn sings ae remembered name,
There's ne'er a voice to cry "Come hame
To bonnie Bess at Logie!"

Far, far awa' the years decline
That took the lassie wha was mine
An' laid her sleepin' lang, lang syne
Amang the braes at Logie.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE DITCH

AWEEL, I'm couped. But wha' could tell
The road wad rin sae sair?
I couldna gang yon pace mysel',
An' I winna try nae mair!

There's them wad coonsel me to stan',
But this is what I say:
*When Nature's forces fecht wi' man,*
*Dod, he maun just give way!*

If man's nae framed to lift his fit
Agin' a nat'ral law,
I winna' lift my heid, for it
Wad dae nae guid ava'.

Puir worms are we; the poo'pit rings
Ilk Sawbath wi' the same,
Gin airth's the place for sic-like things,
I'm no sae far frae hame!

Yon's guid plain reas'nin' ; an' forbye,
This pairish has nae sense,
There's mony traiv'lin wad deny
Nature and Providence ;

For loud an' bauld the leears wage
On men like me their war,
Elected saints to thole their rage
Is what they're seekin' for.

But tho' a man wha's drink's his tea
Their malice maun despise,
It's no for naething, div ye see,
That I'm sae sweir to rise !

## THE LOST LICHT

### (A PERTHSHIRE LEGEND)

THE weary, weary days gang by,
The weary nichts they fa',
I mauna rest, I canna lie
Since my ain bairn's awa'.

The soughing o' the springtide breeze
Abune her heid blaws sweet,
There's nests amang the kirkyaird trees
And gowans at her feet.

She gae'd awa' when winds were hie,
When the deein' year was cauld,
And noo the young year seems to me
A waur ane nor the auld.

And, bedded, 'twixt the nicht an' day,
Yest're'en, I couldna bide
For thinkin', thinkin' as I lay
O' the wean that lies outside.

O, mickle licht to me was gie'n
To reach my bairn's abode,
But heaven micht blast a mither's een
And her feet wad find the road.

The kirkyaird loan alang the brae
Was choked wi' brier and whin,
A' i' the dark the stanes were grey
As wraiths when I gae'd in.

The wind cried frae the western airt
Like warlock tongues at strife,
But the hand o' fear hauds aff the he'rt
That's lost its care for life.

I sat me lang upon the green,
A stanethraw frae the kirk,
And syne a licht shone dim between
The shaws o' yew and birk.

'Twas na the wildfire's flame that played
Alang the kirkyaird land,
It was a band o' bairns that gae'd
Wi' lichts in till their hand.

O white they cam', yon babie thrang,
A' silent o'er the sod;
Ye couldna hear their feet amang
The graves, sae saft they trod.

And aye the can'les flickered pale
Below the darkened sky,
But the licht was like a broken trail
When the third wee bairn gae'd by.

For whaur the can'le-flame should be
Was neither blink nor shine—
The bairnie turned its face to me
An' I kent that it was mine.

An' O! my broken he'rt was sair,
I cried, "My ain! my doo'!
For a' thae weans the licht burns fair,
But it winna' burn for you!"

She smiled to me, my little Jean,
Said she, "The dule and pain,
O mither! frae your waefu' een
They strike on me again:

"For ither babes the flame leaps bricht
And fair and braw appears,
But I canna keep my bonnie licht,
For it's droukit wi' your tears!"

There blew across my outstreeked hand
The white mist o' her sark,
But I couldna reach yon babie band
For it faded i' the dark.

My ain, my dear, your licht shall burn
Although my een grow blind,
Although they twa to saut should turn
Wi' the tears that lie behind.

O Jeanie, on my bended knee
I'll pray I may forget,
My grief is a' that's left to me,
But there's something dearer yet!

## THE LAD I' THE MUNE

### I

O GIN I lived i' the gowden mune
  Like the mannie that smiles at me,
I'd sit a' nicht in my hoose abune
And the wee-bit stars they wad ken me sune,
For I'd sup my brose wi' a gowden spune
  And they wad come out to see!

### II

For weel I ken that the mune's his ain
  And he is the maister there;
A' nicht he's lauchin', for, fegs, there's nane
To draw the blind on his windy-pane
And tak' an' bed him, to lie his lane
  And pleasure himsel' nae mair.

III

Says I to Grannie, " Keek up the glen
Abune by the rodden tree,
There's a braw lad 'yont i' the mune, ye ken."
Says she, " Awa' wi' ye, bairn, gang ben,
For noo it's little I fash wi' men
An' it's less that they fash wi' me ! "

IV

When I'm as big as the tinkler-man
That sings i' the loan a' day,
I'll bide wi' him i' the tinkler-van
Wi' a wee-bit pot an' a wee-bit pan ;
But I'll no tell Grannie my bonnie plan,
For I dinna ken what she'll say.

V

And, nicht by nicht, we will a' convene
And we'll be a cantie three ;
We'll lauch an' crack i' the loanin' green,
The kindest billies that ever was seen,
The tinkler-man wi' his twinklin' een
And the lad i' the mune an' me !

## THE GOWK

I see the Gowk an' the Gowk sees me
Beside a berry-bush by the aipple-tree.
*Old Scots Rhyme*

'Tib, my auntie's a deil to wark,
Has me risin' 'afore the sun;
Aince her heid is abune her sark
Then the clash o' her tongue's begun!
Warslin', steerin' wi' hens an' swine,
Naucht kens she o' a freend o' mine—
But the Gowk that bides i' the woods o' Dun
He kens him fine!

Past the yaird an' ahint the stye,
O the aipples grow bonnilie!
Tib, my auntie, she canna' spy
Wha comes creepin' to kep wi' me.
Aye! she'd sort him, for, dod, she's fell!
Whisht now, Jimmie, an' hide yersel'
An' the wise-like bird i' the aipple-tree
He winna' tell!

Aprile-month, or the aipples flower,
Tib, my auntie, will rage an' ca' ;
Jimmie lad, she may rin an' glower—
What care I ? We'll be far awa !
Let her seek me the leelang day,
Wha's to tell her the road we'll gae ?
For the cannie Gowk, tho' he kens it a',
He winna' say !

## THE JACOBITE LASS

My love stood at the loanin' side
An' held me by the hand,
The bonniest lad that e'er did bide
In a' this waefu' land—
There's but ae bonnier to be seen
Frae Pentland to the sea,
And for his sake but yestere'en
I sent my love frae me.

I gi'ed my love the white white rose
That's at my feyther's wa',
It is the bonniest flower that grows
Whaur ilka flower is braw;
There's but ae bonnier that I ken
Frae Perth unto the main,
An' that's the flower o' Scotland's men
That's fechtin' for his ain.

Gin I had kept whate'er was mine
As I hae gie'd my best,
My he'rt were licht by day, and syne
The nicht wad bring me rest;
There is nae heavier he'rt to find
Frae Forfar toon to Ayr,
As aye I sit me doon to mind
On him I see nae mair.

Lad, gin ye fa' by Chairlie's side
To rid this land o' shame,
There winna be a prooder bride
Than her ye left at hame,
But I will seek ye whaur ye sleep
Frae lawlands to the peat,
An' ilka nicht at mirk I'll creep
To lay me at yer feet.

## MAGGIE

MAGGIE, I ken that ye are happ'd in glory
And nane can gar ye greet ;
The joys o' Heaven are evermair afore ye,
It's licht about yer feet.

I ken nae waefu' thochts can e'er be near ye
Nor sorrow fash yer mind,
In yon braw place they winna let ye weary
For him ye left behind.

Thae nichts an' days when dule seems mair nor double
I'll need to dae my best,
For aye ye took the half o' ilka trouble,
And noo I'd hae ye rest.

Yer he'rt'll be the same he'rt since yer flittin',
Gin auld love doesna tire,
Sae dinna look an' see yer lad that's sittin'
His lane aside the fire.

The sky is keen wi' dancin' stars in plenty,
The New Year frost is strang;
But, O my lass! because the Auld Year kent ye
I'm sweir to let it gang!

But time drives forrit; and on ilk December
There waits a New Year yet,
And naething bides but what our he'rts remember—
Maggie, ye'll na forget?

## THE WHUSTLIN' LAD

THERE's a wind comes doon frae the braes when the licht is spreadin'
Chilly an' grey,
An' the auld cock craws at the yett o' the muirland steadin'
Cryin' on day;
The hoose lies sound an' the sma' mune's deein' an' weary
Watchin' her lane,
The shadows creep by the dyke an' the time seems eerie,
But the lad i' the fields he is whustlin' cheery, cheery,
'Yont i' the rain.

My mither stirs as she wauks wi' her twa een blinkin',
Bedded she'll bide,

For foo can an auld wife ken what a lassie's thinkin'
Close at her side ?
Mither, lie still, for ye're needin' a rest fu' sairly,
Weary an' worn,
Mither, I'll rise, an' ye ken I'll be warkin' fairly—
An' I dinna ken *wha* can be whustlin', whustlin', airly,
Lang or it's morn !

Gin ye hear a sound like the sneck o' the back-door turnin',
Fash na for it ;
It's just the crack i' the lum o' the green wood burnin',
Ill to be lit ;
Gin ye hear a step, it's the auld mear loose i' the stable
Stampin' the strae,
Or mysel' that's settin' the parritch-spunes on the table,
Sae turn ye aboot an' sleep, mither, sleep while ye're able,
Rest while ye may.

Up at the steadin' the trail of the mist has liftit
Clear frae the ground,
Mither breathes saft an' her face to the wa' she's
shiftit—
Aye, but she's sound!
Lad, ye may come, for there's nane but mysel'
will hear ye
Oot by the stair,
But whustle you on an' I winna hae need to fear
ye,
For, laddie, the lips that keep whustlin', whust-
lin' cheery
Canna dae mair!

## HOGMANAY

(TO A PIPE TUNE)

O, IT's fine when the New and the Auld Year meet,
An' the lads gang roarin' i' the lichtit street,
An' there's me and there's Alick an' the miller's loon,
An' Geordie that's the piper oot o' Forfar toon.
Geordie Faa ! Geordie Faa !
Up wi' the chanter, lad, an' gie's a blaw !
For we'll step to the tune while we've feet in till oor shune,
Tho' the bailies an' the provost be to sort us a' !

We've three bonnie bottles, but the third ane's toom,
Gin' the road ran whisky, it's mysel' wad soom !

But we'll stan' while we can, an' be dancin' while we may,
For there's twa we hae to finish, an' it's Hogmanay.
Geordie Faa ! Geordie Faa !
There's an auld carle glow'rin' oot ahint yon wa',
But we'll sune gar him loup to the pipin' till he coup,
For we'll gi'e him just a drappie, an' he'll no say na !

My heid's dementit an' my feet's the same,
When they'll no wark thegither it's a lang road hame ;
An' we've twa mile to traivel or it's mair like three,
But I've got a grip o' Alick, an' ye'd best grip me.
Geordie Faa ! Geordie Faa !
The morn's near brakin' an' we'll need awa',
Gin ye're aye blawin' strang, then we'll maybe get alang,
An' the deevil tak' the laddie that's the first to fa' !

## CRAIGO WOODS

Craigo Woods, wi' the splash o' the cauld rain beatin'
I' the back end o' the year,
When the clouds hang laigh wi' the weicht o' their load o' greetin'
And the autumn wind's asteer;
Ye may stand like ghaists, ye may fa' i' the blast that's cleft ye
To rot i' the chilly dew,
But when will I mind on aucht since the day I left ye
Like I mind on you—on you?

Craigo Woods, i' the licht o' September sleepin'
And the saft mist o' the morn,
When the hairst climbs to yer feet, an' the sound o' reapin'
Comes up frae the stookit corn,

And the braw reid puddock-stules are like jewels
blinkin'
And the bramble happs ye baith,
O what do I see, i' the lang nicht, lyin' an' thinkin'
As I see yer wraith—yer wraith?

There's a road to a far-aff land, an' the land is
yonder
Whaur a' men's hopes are set;
We dinna ken foo lang we maun hae to wander,
But we'll a' win to it yet;
An' gin there's woods o' fir an' the licht atween
them,
I winna speir its name,
But I'll lay me doon by the puddock-stules when
I've seen them,
An' I'll cry "I'm hame—I'm hame!"

## THE WILD GEESE

" O TELL me what was on yer road, ye roarin' norlan' Wind,
As ye cam' blawin' frae the land that's niver frae my mind ?
My feet they traivel England, but I'm dee'in for the north."
" My man, I heard the siller tides rin up the Firth o' Forth."

" Aye, Wind, I ken them weel eneuch, and fine they fa' an' rise,
And fain I'd feel the creepin' mist on yonder shore that lies,
But tell me, ere ye passed them by, what saw ye on the way ? "
" My man, I rocked the rovin' gulls that sail abune the Tay."

" But saw ye naething, leein' Wind, afore ye cam' to Fife ?
There's muckle lyin' 'yont the Tay that's mair to me nor life."
" My man, I swept the Angus braes ye hae'na trod for years."
" O Wind, forgi'e a hameless loon that canna see for tears ! "

" And far abune the Angus straths I saw the wild geese flee,
A lang, lang skein o' beatin' wings, wi' their heids towards the sea,
And aye their cryin' voices trailed ahint them on the air——"
" O Wind, hae maircy, haud yer whisht, for I daurna listen mair ! "

# GLOSSARY

*Airt*, point (of compass).

*Billies*, cronies.
*Braws*, finery.
*Bubbly-jock*, turkey-cock.

*Cankered*, cross-grained.
*Causey*, paved edge of a street.
*Chanter*, mouth-piece of a bag-pipe.
*Clour*, a blow.
*Coup*, to fall.

*Deaved*, deafened, bewildered.
*Droukit*, soaked.
*Dunt*, a blow.

*Fit*, foot.
*Fleggit*, frightened.

*Gean-tree*, a wild cherry-tree
*Girnin'*, groaning.
*Gowk*, a cuckoo.
*Grapes*, gropes.

*Hairst*, harvest.
*Happit*, *happ'd*, wrapped.
*Haughs*, low-lying lands.

*Keek*, peer.
*Kep*, meet.

*Laigh*, low.
*Lane*, *his lane*, alone.
*Loan*, disused, overgrown road, a waste place.
*Loon*, a fellow.
*Lowe*, flame.
*Lum*, chimney.

*Mear*, mare.
*Mill-lade*, mill-race.

*Neep*, turnip
*Poke*, pocket
*Puddock-stules*, toadstools.

*Rodden-tree*, rowan-tree.
*Rug*, to pull.

*Sark*, shift, smock.
*Shaws*, small woods.
*Sheltie*, pony.
*Skailed*, split, dispersed.
*Smoors*, smothers.
*Sneck*, latch.
*Soom*, swim.
*Sort them*, deal with them.
*Speels*, climbs.
*Speir*, to inquire.
*Steerin'*, stirring.
*Sweir*, loth.
*Syne*, since, ago, then.

*Tawse*, a leather strap used for correcting children.
*Thole*, to endure.
*Thrawn*, twisted.
*Tint*, lost.
*Tod*, fox.
*Toom*, empty.
*Toorie*, a knob, a topknot.
*Traivel*, to go afoot; literally, to go at a foot's pace.

*Warslin'*, wrestling.
*Wauks*, wakes.
*Waur*, worse.
*Wean*, infant.
*Weepies*, rag-wort.
*Whaup*, curlew.
*Wildfire*, summer lightning.
*Writer*, attorney.

*Yett*, gate.

Form C.L.—D.

No. Jacob IP

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